

EXTRA 5 O'CLOCK MURDER OUT

The Shocking Death of Pretty Cigarette Girl, Annie Goodwin.

Her Death Certificate Ob- tained the Day Before She Died.

The Body Carried Off in a Gig in the Dead of Night.

Dr. McGonigal, Who Did the Dead, and the Girl's Lover Arrested.

Buried in an Astoria Cemetery Under a False Name.

The Crime Discovered Ten Days After Her Death.

One of the Most Remarkable Crimes on New York's Police Records.

One of the most startling crimes that New York has ever seen comes to light to-day, although it was perpetrated on July 12—ten days ago.

The victim was Annie Goodwin, a pretty cigarette girl, who was cruelly murdered in Harlem. Her body was carried away at night in the gig of Dr. Henry G. McGonigal, who performed the criminal operation that caused the unfortunate girl's death.

Dr. McGonigal is under arrest as is also Augustus Harrison, the girl's lover.

And here is the most startling part of it:

On July 11, the day before the girl died, Dr. McGonigal got a death certificate for her under the name of Jane Wilbur, and under this name Annie Goodwin was buried in St. Michael's Cemetery, Astoria, on July 13.

She was alive when Dr. McGonigal got the death certificate.

The full details of this most remarkable crime are told below.

"Send Coroner. Important case. Hurry him up!" was the message telegraphed from the Harlem Police Station at 5 o'clock this morning to Police Headquarters. A hurry message was sent to the nearest Coroner's house.

It has always been supposed heretofore that no one could die in New York without a record being made of the death. That theory is now shown to have been false. It was by the sheerest accident that the police learned of this death ten days after it had occurred and the evidence of it been removed by the conspirators.

The story told by the police is briefly as follows: Annie Goodwin, a cigarette girl employed in Hall's factory, shown by her picture to have been of rare beauty, was killed by malpractice within two weeks, the operations being made in successive days in Harlem.

Her lover is alleged to have paid the expense and a medical practitioner was hired to do the job.

When it was done the doctor, an old man past seventy, it is said, carried the body of his victim down four flights of

stairs at the dead of night, and took it away in his carriage.

DR. MCGONIGAL.
The doctor is Henry G. McGonigal, of 217 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street; the lover, "Gus" Harrison, a young man about town, who lives at 23 West One Hundred and Twentieth street.

Beside these, Fanny Shaw, the old woman in whose rooms, 107 East One Hundred and Fifth street, the girl is alleged to have died, is under arrest. She claims to be a washer woman.

There are witnesses, likewise detained, to the girl's death. A boy who held the door open for the doctor as he carried the dead girl out to his two-wheel gig is one.

The doctor's record, according to the police, is against him. He has over and over again been arrested, they say, for malpractice, but has always escaped punishment.

The young man, the lover in the case, confesses that he put up for the girl, but claims to know nothing of the malpractice.

THE STORY OVERHEARD.
It was on last Friday that a person, whose identity the police will not reveal, overheard in an elevated train part of a conversation between two passengers sitting in the next seat ahead.

From the snatches of talk in an undertone that reached him when the train stopped, he gathered that a girl by the name of Annie Goodwin had disappeared from her home, 237 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. She had been "in trouble," and an operation had been performed, after which she had not been heard from.

The listener thought the matter important enough to require investigation, and, knowing Detective Price in the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station, went around and told him of it upon reaching Harlem.

Sergeant Cross is in charge of the precinct in the absence of Capt. Westervelt. He thought at once of Dr. McGonigal, who has been in trouble before with the police both uptown and downtown, but it was not an easy matter to get at the case in such shape as to furnish a basis for police action.

HELD FOR HOMICIDE.
It was Saturday night before the detectives got a fair start, and early morning to-day before they began to see the end of it. At that hour the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street police station held the following prisoners charged with homicide:

"Gus" Harrison, twenty-six years, 23 West One Hundred and Twentieth street, gentleman of leisure; Dr. Henry G. McGonigal, seventy years, 217 West One Hundred and Twenty-third street; Fanny Shaw, washerwoman, 107 East One Hundred and Fifth street.

These witnesses were also "detained." Sasho Traphagen, a pretty girl of 227 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street; Joseph E. McCready, of 161 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street, and Albert Harrison, a young boy who lives with the prisoner, Fanny Shaw.

All of the six had admitted more or less of what he or she knew of the affair, except Dr. McGonigal, who knew too much to talk. He denied everything.

The doctor is an old gray beard, with slight frame and sharp, twinkling eyes. Mrs. Shaw is a repulsive-looking woman, who, according to her own confession, worked cheap. The doctor paid her \$10 for the job in installments, the police say.

WATCH AND JEWELRY ONE.
The diamond earrings, gold watch and other jewelry of their victim, which she wore when she entered her den, have, however, yet to be accounted for.

Her "lover" was rich, at all events he had money to spend on the girl. He is said by the police to be very well connected in Harlem. For the rest he is rather a scrupulous specimen of humanity as seen in the police station this morning, far from the sort of a man one would expect to lead astray a girl like Annie Goodwin.

If the picture of the young woman does not lie—and the police say that, on the contrary, everybody tells them it does not—half do her justice—she must have been very beautiful. The face is very sweet and crowned by raven curls, the figure perfect, her dress very simple but very tasteful.

It was known for certain only that she worked in Hall's cigarette factory and lived with her sister in Harlem when young Harrison crossed her path.

Henceforth their paths were one. Soon after her sister turned her out of the house on account of Harrison's visits, and Annie went to live at Mrs. Traphagen's, 227 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, where her lover's visits were continued.

NEVER SEEN AGAIN.
On July 2 she left her room and did not return. She was never seen afterwards by the Traphagens.

It was at this time that the police took up the narrative. They followed it through a tangle it seemed at one time impossible to solve to a boarding-house kept by a woman in East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

There a furnished room was hired for the girl, and it was there, the detective believe, that the operation was performed. They say, however, that the woman keeps a respectable place, and was in no way involved in the crime.

Annie remained in her house only till the night of July 6, confined to her room and in bed all the time.

At 10 o'clock that evening Dr. McGonigal

ral, who had visited her there, came to the house and took her away in his gig. He did not tell any one in the house where he was going, and all trace of him and the girl was lost again for more than a whole day.

IN FANNY SHAW'S DEN.
The detectives called upon it again yesterday afternoon, and it led to the den of the washerwoman, Fanny Shaw, at 107 East One Hundred and Fifth street.

She was taken directly there by the doctor, and there she died on the evening of July 12. The story of that death-bed scene is yet to be told.

No friend was near, no soothing hand or voice.

On the day she died she filled her twenty-first year, and her sister at her home was hoping that at last she should hear from wayward Annie.

When she died, it was to be told that Annie had been foully murdered, and in her lonely death had expired her sin.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

At 2 o'clock on the following morning the two-wheeled gig that had brought the girl to the house called in front of No. 107 East One Hundred and Fifth street, next door to Mrs. Shaw's house, and an old man got out.

It was Dr. McGonigal.

Before he had time to pull the bell her door was opened and he went up to the Shaw flat on the fourth floor.

The horse pawed the ground in front of the neighbor's house for fully half an hour. At the end of that time the door was opened once more and a head was thrust forth, looking sharply up and down the street. Everything was quiet.

No footfall of policeman or belated traveler broke the quiet of the street, the head was withdrawn and the door opened wider.

HE STAGGERED UNDER THE BURDEN.
The old doctor came out staggering under a heavy bundle wrapped in a bed-quilt. He carried it to the gig, thrust it into the seat, an unwieldy, rigid mass, and getting in beside it, whipped up his horse and drove away.

The something that sat beside him, wrapped in the bed quilt on the seat, as he drove through the silent streets in the glimmering gray of that early dawn, past policemen on their patrol beats, past a thousand sleepers secure in their beds, between rows of lamps that blinked knowingly at him and at his odd companion—That something was a corpse, the body of the murdered Annie Goodwin.

Any one might be pardoned for wishing to forget such an experience. It is impossible even to write it down without a shudder.

The two-wheeled gig left no visible trail. All day yesterday detectives were overhauling the records in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, hoping to strike it there. They did strike something. What it was they were not willing to tell yet this morning, for they had not followed it to the end.

They believed that the girl was buried under a false name, and that they have found the clue. They secured the copy of a death certificate, in which they believe Dr. McGonigal to be hiding, and are sifting the facts set down in it to the bottom.

Detectives Price, Mott and Ross, under the direction of Acting Captain Cross, have secured the confession of Mrs. Shaw, who says that Dr. McGonigal paid her \$10 in dribs and drabs for her share in harboring the girl and his crime.

They have wrung from the "lover," young Harrison, the admission that he "put up" for Annie, though he will not admit that he assisted or connived at the abortion.

WELL SUPPLIED WITH MONEY.
He says he supplied her with money and that she was well supplied. There is no doubt at this part of it. According to the statement of those who saw her on her deathbed and before, she wore gold rings and diamonds, had an expensive watch and other jewelry.

Harrison's affection was as lavish as his was deadly to its object. What has become of all the wealth? The police hope to find in it wires of which to weave the web that shall hold their prisoner, the doctor, fast.

AT THE HARLEM POLICE COURT.
All the prisoners and witnesses were taken to the Harlem Police Court, where an examination was held. Dr. McGonigal was more communicative here. He is a little man, shabbily dressed, and wears a gray beard. He admitted taking the body to Merritt's undertaking establishment, and from there it was taken to St. Michael's Cemetery and buried under the name of "Jane Wilbur."

HERE'S THE CRIME.
That a bogus doctor's certificate was made out as of the 11th of July, the day previous to the girl's death, and the address given was 245 East One Hundred and Eighth street.

This number is an Italian tenement-house, from which there has been no funeral for over a year.

THE DEAD GIRL'S FRIEND'S STORY.
One of the most interesting witnesses in the case was a Miss Sadie Traphagen, an intimate friend of the dead girl and with whom she lived for the last two years of her life at her home, No. 235 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

Miss Traphagen is a slight, straw-colored blonde, with bright blue eyes and was dressed in a becoming gray dress, trimmed with blue silk. She testified to the fact that the dead girl was at her house until July 8; that on that day she went to a furnished room in East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street; that on the 4th she left the room on East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and was taken to Mrs. Shaw's house, 107 East One Hundred and Fifth street; that she was called to see her and went to this last address several times to see her friend.

SEE DIED ON JULY 12.
On the 9th she was sent for and told by

her friend that she was dying and that she died on the 12th.

She also said that she was called upon by Dr. McGonigal on the 18th and 19th and asked if she would write a letter in the dead girl's handwriting and date it in Jersey saying that she was in Jersey studying typewriting. She declined to do so. The doctor called again and asked her to write her friend's name at the bottom of a typewritten letter saying that she was well and in Jersey. This she also declined to do. She was again impudently to call at the doctor's office, which she did not do.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.
She testified that her friend was a typewriter in Hall's cigarette factory. The dead girl's picture was shown in the examination room and she identified it as that of her friend. It is that of a plump, bright-eyed girl of twenty-one, with a wealth of black hair and bright, black eyes. It is taken in evening dress and shows a round white arm and beautifully moulded shoulder. The girl was evidently a beauty.

ALBERT HARRISON'S TESTIMONY.
Another interesting witness was a boy named Albert Harris, who claims to have lived with Mrs. Shaw for the last two years.

He testified that he was sixteen years of age and that the girl was brought to Mrs. Shaw's house on July 4, and that he saw Dr. McGonigal come two and three times a day to see her; that on the night of the 12th, he was aroused from a sound sleep in the middle of the night and was told by Mrs. Shaw to go down and open the door for the doctor.

He did so and saw the doctor come downstairs with the dead body of the girl in his arms and carry it to his two-wheeled gig, which was in front of the next door, and put it in his gig and drive off. He even remembered that the doctor drove a gray horse.

Mrs. Shaw is as repulsive a looking person as one would care to see in any circumstances. She came to court dressed in an old dirty shawl, fed under her chin and a vile-looking hat on her head. She says that she has been treated for blood poisoning by the doctor for the last two years. Her face is horribly disfigured.

Mrs. Shaw's testimony was in the main similar to that given above.

HARRISON RELEASED ON BAIL.
Later Harrison was again brought before Justice Power in the Harlem Police Court, and was released on \$2,500, furnished by Druggist Roland W. Kidley, of One Hundred and twenty-eighth street and Fourth avenue.

AN EVENING WORLD reporter saw Dr. McGonigal. He refused to talk further than to say that he was called in when it was too late and that some other physician tampered with the girl. Of the rest of his alleged actions in the case he refused to talk.

Dr. McGonigal's and Mrs. Shaw's bail has been fixed at \$10,000, but they were unable to obtain it.

AT THE UNDERTAKER'S.
On Undertaker Cornelius Merritt's book at his shop, 204 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street, is an entry which is extremely irregular. If not suspicious, under the date of July 13 is this entry:

John Wilbur, 235 East One Hundred and Eighth street: \$10.00
Coffin 5.00
Grave 12.00
Permit 1.00
Total 28.00

In the lower left hand corner of the charge are the words "Paid" and "St. Michael's."

MR. MERRITT OUT.
When an EVENING WORLD man called at the undertaker's place Mr. Merritt was not to be found. He had started on a funeral at the Lutheran Cemetery this morning and had not returned up to 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Detective Ross is in waiting for him, and when Undertaker Merritt returns to his shop the detective will get him to take a short walk to the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station simply to explain more about the burial of "John Wilbur," who was reported as dying at 235 One Hundred and Eighth street, the same place that the false death certificate of Dr. McGonigal says Jane Wilbur died.

At the Bureau of Vital Statistics a death certificate dated New York, July 1, 1890, bearing the name Jane Wilbur, aged twenty-nine years, married and living at 235 East One Hundred and Eighth street; cause of death, rheumatism; signed by Dr. Henry G. McGonigal.

Detective Ross thinks the entry of the burial of John Wilbur on July 13 on Undertaker Merritt's books has a singular look.

WHO "GUS" HARRISON IS.
Young Harrison is the son of Charles D. Harrison, a very wealthy builder, whose home is at 23 West One Hundred and Twentieth street.

Mr. Harrison, senior, and Mrs. Harrison are in Europe, and "Gus" was the only member of the family at home at the time of his arrest.

ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY.
St. Michael's Cemetery is situated in Astoria, a couple of miles back of the Ninety-second street ferry. It is one of the most picturesque cemeteries in the country. It is Episcopalian.

HER CRUEL FATE.

A Death Trap in a Public Bath Took Little Annie's Life.

Through It She Tumbled Into the East River.

The Body Not Yet Recovered—Sorrow in the Larkins Home.

Grief, deep and poignant, has settled with cruel tenderness upon the home of James Larkins, 434 East Seventy-fifth street.

The pride of the household, merry, black-eyed, little ten-year-old Annie

and as they trickled down her chubby cheeks she burst out sobbing bitterly.

The parents of the dead girl were fearful listeners, and the bereaved mother could contain herself no longer.

"Oh, Fannie, my poor dear Annie, think she left here yesterday so happy and in the flush of youth. And now she's in the cold river dead and lost to us forever. Oh! Annie, darling, what shall I do?"

The father remarked in husky, broken tones: "The little one couldn't swim and in that awful current even as good a swimmer and a powerful man would have a fearful battle to keep afloat."

"Of course I don't see how anybody can be drowned, but if it is too bad that some one didn't see that the door was properly and securely fastened."

Doors like that never should be allowed to open out right over the river anyway. Even if they were caught properly by hooks and staples something is liable to disarrange the fastenings and the slightest push would force the door outward."

Keepers John Luddy and Edward Dougherty are the men in charge of the bath-house. Keeper Luddy said to THE EVENING WORLD reporter:

"You see yesterday was women's and children's day, and the rules prevent any men from passing within the door of the house while females are using the bath."

"The first we knew was when Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Berpen, the matrons in charge, rushed out and saw a little girl had fallen into the river. We started to run into the bath-house, when we were sent back with the shout that the girl was floating down stream."

"I rushed out onto the pier, but I could see nothing of her. She must have sunk in a minute in the fearful current."

"The tide was going out and rushing downstream like a mill-race, but if we had caught a sight of her I would have jumped over in a minute, and I think I could have saved her. I've already saved five lives from drowning."

Keeper Dougherty said that he had personally fastened the door very securely a week or ten days ago with a staple and a big spike.

"But," he added, "you know there are all sorts of people who come here and some one of them must have tampered with the door, for the staple had been broken off. It was a fresh break, too, as you can see."

Foreman John M. Clute and his assistant, Mr. Delaney, have charge of all the free baths, and were at the bath-house when THE EVENING WORLD man visited the fatal spot to-day.

"He said that dressing-room 31 would not be used hereafter until every precaution had been taken to make the door absolutely safe, even if it was found necessary to rip the door out and board the aperture tightly up."

"It's a most regrettable affair," he said, "and the first fatality we've had here in my knowledge. You may be very sure such a thing will never happen again."

The body of the unfortunate child had not been recovered up to noon, and Keeper Luddy said there was no knowing where it might turn up, so swiftly does the river plunge along at this point.

With a companion, Sophie Williams, fifteen years old, she went to Public Bath No. 4, at the foot of East Seventy-eighth street, for a frolicsome plunge in the choppy, cooling waters.

Dressing-room No. 31 was assigned to the little girls' use. Fatal number that! Had any other room been given them there would be no sorrow, no despair, in the Larkins home to-day, and a well-nigh crazed mother would not be lamenting the untimely and fearful fate of her best beloved.

In dressing-room 31 is a door, four feet high and two feet wide, opening outward from the rear of the apartment right into the river.

It was through this door that Annie Larkins fell and was swallowed up by the mad, sweeping current and borne to her death.

This is the story as it fell tearfully from the innocent lips of Sophie Williams.

THE DEATH TRAP IN DRESSING-ROOM NO. 31, in the presence of an EVENING WORLD reporter this forenoon.

The Larkins family on the 12th of July, 1890, were in the presence of an EVENING WORLD reporter this forenoon.

"I knew there was something the matter with that dressing-room," she began. "When we first went into the bath-house, I told Annie that I didn't want to take it to dress in."

"I was unlocked the door to get into the room I saw this other door in the back of the place blow open and out over the water. I was afraid and didn't want to stay in the room."

"The opening of the entrance door made a draught and the wind blew open the little back door."

"When we went in and hung our things up and then jumped into the water in the bath. This was about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and pretty soon we came out of the water and went to the dressing-room to put our clothes on."

"There's a seat running across the rear of the room right in front of that horrible door. I sat down on it and held my legs out. When I was sitting there I saw a shadow on the door against the front door of the dressing-room. Annie had put on some of her clothes when she stood up on top of the seat."

"Her back was turned to the little door and she was reaching to take a skirt or something off a hook."

"She stumbled a little and fell backward against the door."

"I burst open and Annie just tumbled into the water."

"I ran for her as she fell backward and managed to grab her by the hand."

"I couldn't drag her back and only for a little fat woman, I don't know who she was, who caught me and held me tight I would have fallen into the river too."

"I ran out and looked at Annie Larkins as she was being carried away. She was a beautiful child and everybody got excited and came out of the water and her little hand help poor Annie."

The little drum could say no more. Her soft blue eyes overflowed with tears.

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